

Wichita Daily Eagle

NOT ALL GLITTER.

A French Ballet Girl as Seen at Her Home.

CHAMPAGNE WAS NOT FOR HER.

The First and Only Appearance of a Charwoman in the Grove Scene of "Hamlet," a Gathering at Which the Music Was Stronger Than the Tea.

[Copyright, 1890.]
New York, March 13.—"Would you like to see what a dancer is like at home?" asked somebody.

"What! A bona fide ballet girl?" I exclaimed in a tone of benign satisfaction.

"Yes, no less than one of the sylphs swaying before us now in the glamour of the footlights."

This fragment of conversation took place during one of Wagner's operas at the Metropolitan Opera house and while a very beautiful ballet was in progress.



Ballet Girl on the Stage.

Now, I'd seen the ballet girl times without number on the stage, one of a hundred others, pointing her satin toe, radiant in a professional smile and a gauze skirt half a yard long; I'd seen her behind the scenes, swaying dreamily, her queer, little bell-like feet nearly crossed in her dressing room, supposing herself into a nineteen-inch corset with a zeal worthy a better cause; she was familiar to me even in the mystifying twilight of a ballet school, where a pompous little Frenchman, a sort of Gallic Turveydrop, taught her rudiments by making her hold her leg in a position almost perpendicular while he counted up to a given number; and how often I'd stopped before show windows on Union square to admire her in all sorts of odd postures in innumerable French printed but at home she was a mystery to me. Indeed, I had never even fancied her having one.

Armed with a terse letter of introduction, I started the next day to pay her a visit. On the top floor of a house in the neighborhood of University place I found her.

She was not dark, thin, oddish as I had fancied, neither was she smoking cigarettes nor drinking champagne in the middle of the day. She did not wear a loose pink wrapper and have her hair in curl papers and the remains of the preceding night's blush still upon her cheeks. All of these things I was prepared for and it was startling to have my theory so completely upset.

Celine, as I shall call her because that was not her name, was as fresh as a pink. She was deliciously young, and in an irregular, friendly way, decidedly pretty. Her movements were quick, her eyes quick, her laugh quick, and altogether she was the most pleasant and refreshing bit of femininity I had encountered upon in many a long day. But, stranger than all, she was busily mending straw hats for the spring trade at so much a dozen.

Poor little Celine! After dancing until midnight she was sewing at noonday. Ah, madam, you who have watched the ballet girl prancing for your pleasure, did you ever fancy what her life might be apart from the booming of the big drum and the play of the lime light? I fancy I hear you say that this is a very exceptional ballet girl. That may be, too. But I found this one there may be others, and how if it be the "exception" you are struggling your shoulders at, the girl who leaves the stage to wait all night by the side of a sick mother, that you are mentally drawing your pearls from?

I spent a delightful hour with Celine. She very obligingly looked off her slipper and showed me her foot, little flattened toes, and she chuckled, while she stuffed with a ridiculous long thread, of the life which seems so exciting and varied to the rest, unthinking world, but which in reality is made up of very prosaic films, petty jealousies, fatigue, little thanks and numerous colds.

As an offset to the hardship of her ill paid profession she delighted in the possession of a white kitten answering to the name of "Cherie" and in the crayon drawing of a youth with his hair combed up from his forehead and a Gallic twist to his tiny mustache, whom I rightly judged to be Celine's "young man."

Her idea of pleasure was a Sunday's outing, followed by a dinner in a Bohemian restaurant, where she could sit by a window looking over a demitasse and watch the people go by. She looked forward to being married to the young man with the waxed mustache, and she was generally the only one who knew any of the gilded youth of the city who had she ever traced a champagne supper in her life.

Love's Young Dream.
"All the world loves a lover"—except the young lady's father and the dog—Barrington Young.
When the bride is all the world to him, it is literally true that the whole world loves the bridegroom.—Barrington Young.
The widow wears the longest mourning veil is generally the one who has the least to find another husband.—Famous Star.
If love is blind, there is no use wasting gas on it.—Rome Sentinel.
Honeyed words belong to the confidence man and the lover.—Attention Globe.
The rejected lover who has determined to hang himself finally compromised by banging his head.—Florida Times-Triple.
Those fellows who date on their girls sometimes find matrimony a powerful antidote.—Barrington Young.
The woman who is least popular with men in general is most apt to make one man happy in particular.—Attention Globe.

Not Troubled with the Nightmare.
Miss Twenty-eight (sighs)—I had a strange dream the other night, Mr. Twenty-eight, I dreamed—silly talk—that you and I were married and on our wedding tour. You don't know how real it seemed. Did you dream the same thing, too?

He (sighs)—No, Miss Twenty-eight, I did not. In fact, I haven't had the nightmare now for a good many years.—Somerville Journal.

An Awkward Mistake.
A party went to get a child baptized. While awaiting the arrival of the clergyman, the season created no little consternation by chucking the infant under the chin and thus addressing the person whom he took to be the author of the being. "You should consider yourself lucky, sir, in having a child that so closely resembles you." The person addressed was the grandfather.—Exchange.

"I think Mr. Rochester was very nervous last night."
"You have heard of a ghost's foot?" asked her husband, wondering for a moment on her lips: "they are now all gone, but thirty years ago, everywhere in Italy, you

meet the ghost. The ballet girl in this country is better, much better than the ghost. Now I show you how a girl can take care, no matter what she does. I was a ballet girl, yes I was. The ballet girls live two or three in one little room, high, so high up, and they cook the dinner on a little brazier, but the dinner they eat in the restaurant. Well, the man he see the ballet girl enter and he try to speak to her. So she do not care, you know, she can speak if he like. Well, a man he come one day and speak to me. What I do I cr-a-ck him over the head—so! He do not speak again, oh no. But he go home and roll his head up," she concluded, with an emphatic nod.

laughed, her mother laughed, I laughed and the kitten mewled, so there was quite a chorus in that shining little kitchen over the wicker Parian sent home to roll up his head.

And here ended the short tale of the happy, hard working, honest, little ballet girl.

I heard a funny story the other day apropos of Edwin Booth. It is said that his heartiest laugh—said he seldom laughs—was caused by the blunder of a woman. Here is the tale as it was told to me:

"Between the acts of 'Othello' at the Fifth Avenue theatre last season, Booth and the old man of his company, Ben Rogers, with whom he is very familiar, were chatting of old times."

"Do you remember that night in Philadelphia, years ago, when you were playing Hamlet?" began Rogers, but Booth interrupted him by shaking his head and breaking into a sudden laugh.

"That was an incident no man would be likely to forget if he lived to be a thousand. I never will," exclaimed Booth. "Poor Hamlet, how desperately he struggled to maintain his position, but he couldn't."

Somewhat asked to hear the story, and Booth, who dearly loves a chat, took his knee into his audience and told it between laughs.

"I was playing Hamlet in Philadelphia about eight years ago. All went as usual up to the graveyard scene. It was ghostly, mysterious, with just the proper graveyard push prevailing, and I was infused with the spirit of the character. The scenery was high on both sides of the stage, but in the center it was low, representing the grave. I had just taken the skull in my hands, when, turning round a little as I spoke, I saw something which made my heart stand still and turned my blood thin from apprehension. Slowly from the side behind the scenes, saw somebody coming toward the center where, as I told you, the scenery went abruptly down, leaving any one standing there in full view of the audience. Now this somebody was no other than the old Irish charwoman. Good heavens, what a figure she cut! Her dress was held up very high on one side in the way these women have, leaving exposed her chubby leg and her low, cloth gaiters with elastic sides. In the other hand she carried a pail and mop. 'Can you see her?' One thought only possessed me: would she be stopped in time? Would she discover her presence before it was too late? I felt that cold moisture break out all over my body. I tried to whisper 'Go back,' to her, but my tongue was stiff. It was a awful moment.

But the wonder of her beauty is that she never looks disturbed, even in the staid atmosphere of a hall room. Other girls may make those furtive little runs about the nose and forehead which mean a 'dry wash,' but she sits as cool as a lily of the valley in its chosen spot on the north side of the house. But she is short and one is always disappointed in her when she rises. Not dumpy short, for her form is as shapely as her face, but of a height that girls much less pretty can look quickly beside her.



BOOTH AND THE STRANGE WOMAN.

"There she came on slowly and terribly sure, until she stood among the grave stones, pail, mop, gaiters and all, the central figure on the stage, an odd addition to a medieval churchyard! I heard a titter begin to go around the house, and I forgot everything. It caught her turned her head, and for the first time realized her position. The expression of horror which overcame her face defies description. I never saw anything like it. She dropped pail and brush, and with a yell to make a Conanche chief grow green with envy, pulled her skirts still higher and leaped about three feet before she disappeared behind the scenes. The house broke into a roar, and the applause for the dignity of the 'melancholy Dane' so did Hamlet. If the real hero had had many such laughs his dyspepsia and hysteria would have been completely cured, and the play might never have been written."

—EVELYN.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Love and Law.

HE.
You're promised to be mine, love, so add unto my bliss And, if only to please cupid, Seal the compact with a kiss.

SHE.
The suggestion please, But respect it is rash, For how can you call it, darling, You're no wax on your mistress's face.

—K. G. in Washington Post.

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BEAUTY AT WASHINGTON.

PICTURES OF SIX WOMEN WHO ARE HANDSOME AND FAMOUS.

Mattie Mitchell, Kate Deering and Mattie Thompson, Three Beautiful Girls—Mrs. L. P. Morton, Mrs. Joseph McDonald and Mrs. Russell Harrison, Handsome Matrons.

It is an easy task to name the cleverest, the witliest or the best governed woman in Washington, for all will agree that Mrs. James F. Blaine is the first, Mrs. Robert B. Hayes the second and Mrs. L. P. Morton the third, but the fairest woman—the world will have to be the Paris of that contest, for the capital has the cream of woman's loveliness from every clime. There are two—Miss Mitchell and Mrs. L. P. Morton—who are almost as famous for their beauty as for their intellect. Miss Mitchell is the daughter of the late John Mitchell, who was one of the great financiers of the country. She is a beautiful woman, with a high forehead, large eyes, and a sweet smile. She is now married to a man of her own rank and is one of the most popular women in Washington.

"The loveliest? Miss L. P. Morton, sans doute," says the foreigner, who has an eye to her millions.

There can be no question of Mattie Mitchell's surpassing beauty; it is the decided answer of those who do not wear the clime of money, and in proof of it, they point to her as she looks in a ballroom in a pose she often takes, that of sitting on a low divan and turning her adorable face upward to the gallants who bend over her. When she is at her best, she wears a gown of halotopaz and silver in which the deep tone of the violet is shown in the curve about the waist. It is drawn from the shoulders points and caught by a star of pearl threads at the curve of the white bust. A similar star is fastened in the hair just above the center of the forehead. Her hair is a dark amber and her eyes violet. There are diamonds in the round earring, and on the finger which she wears on the fourth finger, which she does often in an immodest fashion, as though the income of the world was sweet in the nostrils, which till a little while ago she had given to the poor.



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Two pictures, although not strictly beautiful, women are Mrs. Winifred, Secretary Tracy's only daughter, and her friend, Mrs. T. B. M. Mason. Mrs. Winifred is tall and of peculiar grade of carriage. Mrs. Mason is slight and tall and always looks the most distinguished woman in any room because of her heavy blonde hair, which she wears in a fashion few women attempt—in wide plaits, closely shaping the head from the forehead to the nape of the neck.

Matthew Arnold five years ago pronounced Mrs. Joseph McDonald the most beautiful



MRS. JOSEPH McDONALD.

woman in America. She is one of the few women who have received the unqualified admiration of every woman who has seen her. There is a mother and daughter here who are an exception to the rule. They are Mrs. Elliott F. Coates, the widow of the thespian, Dr. Coates, and her thirteen-year-old daughter. Both are fair, slender and elegant, but the daughter's face is joyous and the mother's wistful.

CAROLINE SIFTON PEPER.

A Prince of Crooks.

The Cincinnati police some weeks ago captured a thief who had entered the Fifth National bank and walked off with \$100 just laid down by a depositor. It now turns out that they have captured one of the most clever thieves in the "profession" thus week this to wit:

Hiram Borden, a very prince of crooks. He is the man who stole a train car containing \$40,000 worth of diamonds from a Buffalo jeweler, for which he served six years in the Auburn (N. Y.) penitentiary. He has also performed many other daring criminal exploits and served two years in the State Prison.

beside organizing, plans of crime for other criminals. And yet he is but 37 years of age. From the start of his career he has been cool, self possessed and singularly daring, and has "worked" in partnership with several of the most noted criminals in the country.



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In One Easy Lesson.

"S. X." writes from Augusta, Me.: "I want to be a lawyer. How long will it take?"

This is after the style of a farmer who came into town and saw a \$10,000 painting on exhibition. As he turned away after a last look, he said to his wife:

"Fast square half-a-day I got 'em going to learn to paint a picture like that!"—Detroit Free Press.

Death of a Colored Giant.

Louis Butler, aged about seventy years, and formerly a slave, was buried at Centropolis, Butler is well remembered by many of the old residents of Kansas City. He was one of the most stalwart men ever seen here, being at least five feet in height and weighing about 250 pounds, straight as an arrow and as strong as a horse. He was the size of an ordinary man, but his strength was extraordinary. He was a very good natured man and was a very good friend to the colored people. He was a very good friend to the colored people.

often described, but Miss Deering, although confessedly a girl of the most unusual beauty, has rarely been mentioned. She was born in Maine, but one would never think of her as a pine tree growing on the barren soil of the pine tree as the glowing, tropical beauty springing from that far nothern state. She is very tall, slight, and one can fancy her as a girl of 14 made up of awy goodness and eyes. The eyes are still there, but not the



MISS DEERING.

awkwardness. They are as large as an Andalusian girl's, but narrower, and she has a trick of letting the light filter in a slanting fashion through the long, black lashes. She understands the art of dressing her dark beauty and often wears a soft yellow, with a golden fillet in her black hair or glowing Venetian red.

But when Mrs. Morton is in a ball room she attracts more eyes than the rosiest debutante.

She must have been of rare beauty in her girlhood days, for few ladies of this day will be so regal looking as she twenty years from now. Her eyes are dark brown, her skin of a wonderful satiny texture, and her hair white, bleached by suffering, not by age. Of her five daughters, the second one, Lena, inherits her beauty in the fullest degree.

Of the younger matrons, Mrs. Russell Harrison is one of the most beautiful. Mrs. Harrison has blue eyes, which have the rare quality of dilating and appearing almost black under excitement. Her hair is wavy, her skin warm and full of color, and there is always a little touch of expectancy about her face that is charming.

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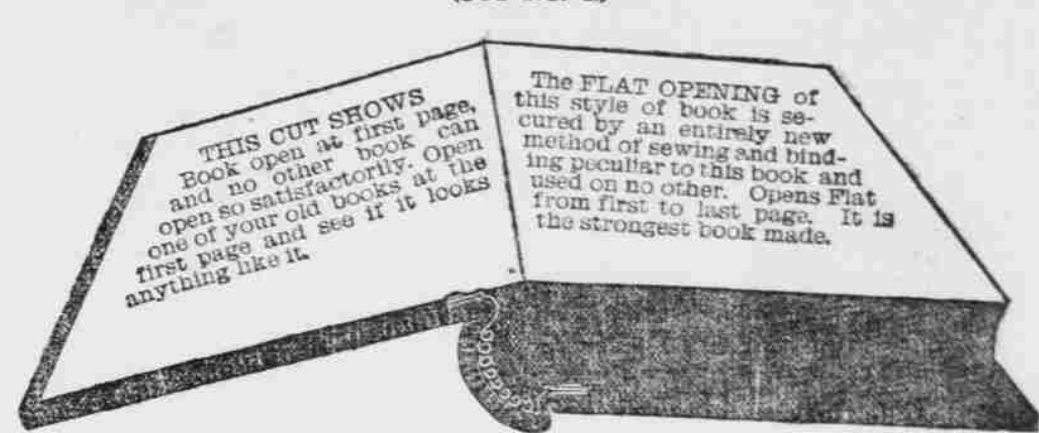
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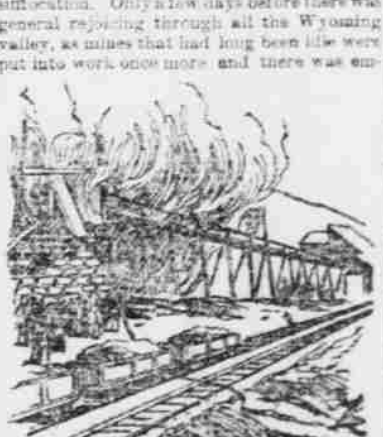
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THE WILKESBARRE MINE HORROR.

A Catastrophe Which Perhaps Need Not Have Occurred.

One thousand feet under ground, in the dark recesses of the coal mines near Wilkesbarre, Pa., eight men, but the other day suffered the most terrible of deaths—by heat and suffocation. Only a few days before there had been a general striking through all the Wyoming valleys, as mines that had long been idle were put into work once more, and there was em-



WILKESBARRE MINE HORROR.

A new catastrophe so far as the drift in which the men had last worked. But they were gone, and there was left one explanation. They had been driven the other way and had perished. In a few days the worst was proved. The victims were:

Frank Cook, aged 34, wife and four children.

James O. Jackson